

Know, that it was he, in the times past,
Which held you so vnder fortune,
Which you thought had been our innocent selfe,
This I made good to you, in our last conference,
Past in probation with you:
How you were borne in hand, how crost:
The Instruments: who wrought with them:
And all things else, that might
To halfe a Soule, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, Thus did *Banquo*.

1. *Murth*. You made it knowne to vs.

Macb. I did so:

And went further, which is now

Our point of second meeting.

Do you finde your patience so predominant,

In your nature, that you can let this goe?

Are you so Gospell'd, to pray for this good man,

And for his Issue, whose heauie hand

Hath bow'd you to the Graue, and begger'd

Yours for euer?

1. *Murth*. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. I, in the Catalogue ye goe for men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curres,
Showghes, Water-Rugs, and Demy-Wolues are clipt
All by the Name of Dogges: the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, euery one
According to the gift, which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd: whereby he does receiue
Particular addition, from the Bill,
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you haue a Station in the file,
Not it's worst ranke of Manhood, say't,
And I will put that Businesse in your Bosomes,
Whose execution takes your Enemy off,
Grapples you to the heart; and lone of vs,
Who weare our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2. *Murth*. I am one, my Liege,
Whom the vile Blowes and Buffets of the World
Hath so incens'd, that I am recklesse what I doe,
To spight the World.

1. *Murth*. And I another,
So wearie with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Murth. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That euery minute of his being, thrusts
Against my neer'st of Life: and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweepe him from my sight,
And bid my will auouch it; yet I must not,
For certaine friends that are both his, and mine,
Whose loues I may not drop, but wayle his fall,
Who I my selfe struck downe: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance doe make loue,
Masking the Businesse from the common Eye,
For sundry weightie Reasons.

2. *Murth*. We shall, my Lord,
Performe what you command vs.

1. *Murth*. Though our Liues--

Macb. Your Spirits shine through you,
Within this houre, or most,
I will aduise you where to plant your felues,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th' time,

The moment on't, for't must be done to Night,
And something from the Pallace: alwayes thought,
That I require a clearenesse; and with him,
To leaue no Rubs nor Botches in the Worke:
Fleams, his Sonne, that keeps him companie,
Whose absence is no lesse materiall to me,
Then is his Fathers, must embrace the fate
Of that darke houre: resolue your felues apart,
He come to you anon.

Murth. We are resolu'd, my Lord.

Macb. He call vpon you straight: abide within,
It is concluded: *Banquo*, thy Soules flight,
If it finde Heauen, must finde it out to Night. *Exeunt*.

Scena Secunda.

Enter *Macbeth's* Lady, and a Seruant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Seruant. I, Madame, but returns againe to Night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leysure,
For a few words.

Seruant. Madame, I will. *Exit*.

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'Tis safer, to be that which we destroy,
Then by destruction dwell in doubtful ioy.

Enter *Macbeth*.

How now, my Lord, why doe you keepe alone?
Of sorryest Fancies your Companions making,
Ving those Thoughts, which should indeed haue dy'd
With them they thinke on: things without all remedie
Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

Macb. We haue scorch'd the Snake, not kill'd it:
Shee'll close, and be her selfe, whilest our poore Mallice
Remaines in danger of her former Tooth.

But let the frame of things dis-ioynt,
Both the Worlds suffer,
Ere we will eate our Meale in feare, and sleepe
In the affliction of these terrible Dreames,
That shake vs Nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gayne our peace, haue sent to peace,
Then on the torture of the Minde to lye
In restless extasie.

Duncane is in his Graue:
After Lives fitfull Feuer, he sleepe well,
Treason ha's done his worst: nor Steele, nor Poyson,
Mallice domestique, forraigne Leuie, nothing,
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on:

Gentle my Lord, sleeke o're your rugged Lookes,
Be bright and Iouiall among your Guests to Night.

Macb. So shall I Loue, and so I pray be you:
Let your remembrance apply to *Banquo*,

Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue:
Vnleafe the while, that wee must laue
Our Honors in these flattering streames,

And make our Faces Vizards to our Hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leaue this.

Macb. O, full of Scorpions is my Minde, deare Wife:
Thou know'st, that *Banquo* and his *Fleams* liues.

Lady. But

Scena Quarta.

Banquet prepar'd. Enter *Macbeth*, Lady, *Rosse*, *Lenox*,
Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your owne degrees, sit downe:
At first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Maiesty.

Macb. Our selfe will mingle with Society,

And play the humble Host:

Our Hostesse keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome.

Ld. Pronounce it for me Sir, to all our Friends,

For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Enter first *Murderers*.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their hearts thanks
Both sides are euen: heere Ile sit i'th' mid'st,
Be large in mirth, anon wee'll drinke a Measure
The Table round. There's blood vpon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, then he within.

Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord his throat is cut, that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o'th' Cut-throats,

Yet hee's good that did the like for *Fleams*:

If thou did'st it, thou art the Non-pareill.

Mur. Most Royall Sir

Fleams is scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit againe:

I had else bene perfect;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rocke,

As broad, and generall, as the casing Ayre:

But now I am cabin'd, crib'd, confin'd, bound in

To sawcy doubts, and feares. But *Banquo's* safe?

Mur. I, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,

With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:

There the growne Serpent lyes, the worne that's fled

Hath Nature that in time will Venom breed,

No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to morrow

Wee'll heare our felues againe. *Exit Murderer*.

Lady. My Royall Lord,

You do not giue the Cheere, the Feast is fold

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a making:

'Tis giuen, with welcome: to feede were best at home:

From thence, the sawce to meate is Ceremony,

Meeting were bare without it.

Enter the Ghost of *Banquo*, and sits in *Macbeth's* place.

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer:

Now good digestion waite on Appetite,

And health on both.

Lenox. May't please your Highnesse sit.

Macb. Here had we now our Countries Honor, roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present:

Who, may I rather challenge for vnkindnesse,

Then pittie for Mischance.

Rosse. His absence (Sir)

Lays blame vpon his promise. Pleas't your Highnesse

To grace vs with your Royall Company?

Macb.